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## THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA,

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY T. D. P.

### CHAPTER I.

"Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!  
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries;  
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance;  
Nor shakes her crimson plume in the skies;  
Now on the smoke of blazing belis she lies,  
And speaks in thunder, through yon engine's roar,  
In every peal she calls "Awake! Arise!"  
Say is her voice more feeble than of yore,  
When her war song was heard on Andalusia's shore?"

No event of modern times has excited a more intense interest in the whole world, than that which was aroused by the Peninsular war—when two great nations met hand to hand, on a foreign battle-ground, and the sierras and the olive groves of Spain were deluged with alien blood, and her rivers crimsoned with the tide that courses through patriot veins; when the military talents of a Napoleon, a Wellesley, and a host of names but just inferior, were tested—while the fair and beautiful country of Spain, the seat of the desolating war, was made the sport both of friend and foe. But fatal as was the effect of this war upon the Spaniards, it aroused the spirit of Gonzalvo and the Cid, which was not yet quite extinguished in the bosoms of their degenerate descendants; it only lay dormant, smothered by the sloth and indolence of ages, and the cruel and unjustifiable oppression of Bonaparte kindled it into a flame of patriotism and bravery, which, though untaught and unguided, did much towards the salvation of their country, and the final defeat of the French conqueror. When Napoleon, fearful of the influence of a Bourbon dynasty, so near his own imperial dominions, and led on by his insatiate thirst of power, determined to obtain the control of Spain, as he had of almost the whole of Europe, he little thought of the opposition he would have to encounter. He knew the Spanish Court was harrassed, and divided by the domestic broils and dissensions of the Royal family, and that the influence of the infamous Godoy, over

the weak Charles, had rendered him exceedingly unpopular among his subjects, and he therefore imagined, they would willingly receive from his hand, a new king, and a new order of government. He dreamed not of the spirit hid beneath the heavy cloak, and dark sotabero of the Spaniard, which needed only a little more oppression, to be exercised from its inner life, and to emerge forth with new energy, robed in the panoply of war, and with the sword of patriotism unsheathed to resist his all-defying power. The people rebelled in heart against their own weak and effeminate government; but they were too haughty, too proudly jealous of their own rights, to allow foreign dictation, even from him who had portioned his own family with the crowns and sceptres of half Europe.

Exasperated by the unexpected opposition he encountered, the Emperor bent all his energies to accomplish his will, and the Peninsula must have inevitably been crushed, and its neck bent to the French yoke, in spite of its newly awakened life, had it not been for the timely assistance of England, who stretched forth her hand to the aid of the suffering nation. The sea was soon covered with the vessels that bore her gallant army to the shores of Spain, from whence many were destined never to return, but to consecrate by their death the banks of the Ebro and the Duero, Coruna and Ciudad Rodrigo—for who can think of, or visit unmoved, the places where so many brave ones died, fighting for the oppressed?—where a Moore lies buried, his martial cloak his only pall, and the booming guns of the enemy his last sad requiem.

Of all the brilliant achievements to which this campaign gave rise, none remain more prominent on the page of its history than the gallant defence of Saragossa, the beautiful and heroic city, which, though desolated and almost destroyed, rose Phoenix-like from its own ashes, successfully combated the invader, and waved the ban-